

THE WILSON MIRROR.

"Our Aim will be, the People's Right Maintain
Unswayed by Power, and Unbribed by Gain."

VOL. 11.

WILSON NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, MAY 11 1892.

NO 9

MERRY MORSELS.

AND RADIANT REFLECTIONS BY HENRY BLOUNT.

Punctuated with Pungent Points
and Spiced with Sweetest
Sentiment

There is a striking resemblance between pugilists.

The tramp is a man of many ties—railroad ties.

About the first thing lost at sea was the sight of land.

A home-thrust—jabbing the night-key at the keyhole.

Great doublers of population—Cucumbers and green apples.

The poorest kind of a brass band—the ring on cheap Jack's finger.

Some of the best blood in the land runs through the mosquito's veins.

Mormons ought to be good liver, as they generally have plenty of "spare rib."

Wall street men love dogs. At least they are very fond of pointers of the market.

Another expedition to the pole," said the man as he wended his way to the barber shop.

When a barbor cuts a slice off your neck you feel like getting up and lathering him.

Time waits for no man because some men are so long in coming to time we suppose.

Happiness is only relative, and some people find that it is a very distant relative indeed.

Talk is cheap. If talk were dear we should have less trouble and more work in Congress.

Curiously enough, the man who is always in a pickle doesn't preserve his temper worth a cent.

A spring house is a house with a spring in it, and a spring bonnet is usually worn above a waterfall.

It seems queer, but it is true, that the stuff that makes a man tight frequently loosens his tongue.

Why is it a crime for a banker to enter upon a partnership with a blacksmith? Because it is forgery.

A Philosopher being asked to define a quarrel said, "It is usually the fermentation of a misunderstanding."

A war horse is always spoken of as a heavy charger, and yet we never knew of a tailor being called a war horse.

Returns from summer military encampments award the first prize to the mosquito for unerring accuracy in target practice.

"Oh, mama," said little Paul, when the new baby was shown him for the first time. "Can I wear baby's dresses when I grow tall enough?"

It is claimed that a man never loses anything by politeness, but this proved to be a mistake. As an old fellow lifted his hat to a young lady and the wind carried away his wig.

"Dear Louise, don't let the men come too near you when courting."—"Oh, no, dear ma. When Charles is here, we have one chair between us." Mother thinks the answer is rather ambiguous.

An old bachelor who died recently, left a will dividing all his property equally among the surviving women who had refused him, "Because said he, 'to them I owe all my earthly happiness.'"

Ignorance and indifference are boon companions. Anomalous as it may seem, the man who knows but little is seldom anxious to add to his stock of knowledge, while the individual who really is well-informed is never satisfied except when adding to his store of information.

It is evident that if the moral or the religious world is to be made better than it is to-day, those who are to become the men and women of to-morrow must be properly trained and directed. There is no avoiding the duty of truth and morally are to be advanced, and good government secured.

A Sad Story.

Ferdinand Ward is free once more. He left Sing Sing Prison yesterday morning, and last night clasped in his arms the seven-year-old son he had particularly never seen before. To-day he turns to face the world, he claims a poor man and with only his son to live and work for. Another page has been turned in the story of his checkered life. A new chapter begins. The vignette marking the close of the last is the heavy iron gates of Sing Sing Prison. What a change seven years have made in this man and his surroundings! In his business life seven years ago he was a "Napoleon of finance"—trusted, respected even in suspicious Wall street. Reveling in fictitious wealth of his own, and by his dash and audacity controlling real fortunes of others. In his home life he was elegant and luxurious, surrounded with every comfort, loved by wife and friends. Surely a man to be envied.

To-day he begins anew the battle of life. He claims he is almost penniless and comparatively friendless. He has only the work of his hands at the printer's trade to rely on for support. With the shame of failure and the prison about him, he is hated by those whose fortunes he ruined, deserted by those whom in his days of power he assisted. His wife his father, his mother have died. His home is gone, and the only relic of it is the boy, barely six months old when his father said that sad good-by six and a half years ago and took up the dull routine of life in a convict's garb. "Remember, prisoner, that good behaviour you can save three and one-half years on your sentence," was the gruff admonition given by the Warden when arrayed in the striped suit of the prison, his hair trimmed and his mustache shaved off. Ward stood before him for the first time, and bowed his head. But he heeded. Never during the six and one-half years of his term has he been reprimanded, never has a black mark been set down against him. Every day of the time allowed for good behaviour on his ten years sentence he has earned.

At 8:30 o'clock Ward was in the Warden's office. A suit of clothes awaited him. They had been sent up from New York the outfit was complete, including kid gloves, patent-leather shoes and a derby hat. In these he soon arrayed himself. Then clerk Johnson gave him \$40.45—\$10 from the State, \$10 from the prison officers as a present and the balance the amount earned by him under the Fasset Convict law and by over work done in the prison printing office. There was a ticket also to New York. It was stamped across the face, "Convict half fare," but Ward declined it. "I am a convict no longer," he said sadly. "I have paid my debt to the State, and I want to put it all behind me forever." Then he shook hands with the prison officials—walked briskly down the walk. A road buggy drawn by a pair of bays had just come up. Into this Ward climbed briskly, and a minute later was speeding toward New Rochelle, where he took a train for Stamford, where his son is living with an aunt.

Ward was a partner of General Grant in the firm of Grant & Ward. He conducted the business, and the firm was really an annex of the Marine Bank, of which James D. Fish, Ward's former partner, was President. The Street had the greatest confidence in the firm, and only Ward knew on what a precipice it stood. One Saturday night President Fish told Ward there was not enough money in the bank to meet a check for \$300,000 from the city which was to be presented Monday. Ward went to General Grant Sunday, and the latter borrowed \$150,000 of W. H. Vanderbilt. Ward hoped to raise the other \$150,000 before the check was presented. He failed. Fish invested the bank's money in the firm and got it back, according to Ward with 100 per cent. interest. There was no record of the disposal of the money in the bank's books. The next day, Sunday, Ward asked Stephen B. Elkins to lend him the \$300,000. Mr. Elkins had not the money. Ward then went to General Grant and made a clean breast of the whole affair.

The city's check was presented but the bank could not meet it. An explanation was demanded and the bank closed its doors. The next day the firm of Ward and Grant went under with over \$14,000,000 liabilities. The crash was probably one of the greatest in the history of Wall street. Ward was indicted on five counts

and convicted on one—obtaining certification of a check for \$71,800 by false pretense. Ward was brought to trial before Judge Barrett in October of 1885. The testimony of James D. Fish, who had been convicted and sentenced to ten years, had much to do with the conviction of Ward. At the time of his conviction he was thirty-three years of age. Ward always blamed James D. Fish for his downfall. He said at the time of his conviction that he believed that Fish had deliberately set a trap for him when, as President of the Marine Bank, Fish knew that the wreck would land him in States Prison. Ward was the son of a minister, and well educated. His eyesight failed him, and he learned a trade, or rather two of them—printer and carpenter. Then he began the study of law, and later got a place in the Produce Exchange. Then he met Fish and went into the Marine Bank; then became a broker, and—then a convict. He has been in charge of the prison printing office, and says he will endeavor to earn a living for himself and boy at his trade.

Resolutions Adopted By The Grimesland Alliance.

We have in our possession evidence that the Progressive Farmer has been suppressing resolutions adopted by some Alliances in this State disapproving the course of this organ of the Third Party and condemning the dictatorial and presumptuous policy of Mr. Marlon Butler. We are prepared to furnish the evidence upon proper application and submit the following resolutions adopted by the Grimesland Alliance, Pitt county, last Saturday, as indicative of the character of the suppressed literature.

Grimesland Alliance, No. 1389.

Whereas, we believe in the Ocala demands as re-affirmed in Indianapolis ably and clearly express the needs and principles of the Farmers' Alliance, Be it

Resolved 1, That we find no warrant for Alliance action in regard to the St. Louis demands as the State Alliance has not adopted them and we have seen no official action of the Ex. Com. of the State Farmers' Alliance towards endorsing such revolutionary measures.

2. That we deplore and denounce the arbitrary and dictatorial stand assumed by President Butler in making the support of the St. Louis demands a test of good fellowship in the Alliance by proscribing all such as will not stand by the St. Louis demands in the conference at Raleigh May 17th.

3. That we regard such action as officious and culpable in the extreme, as well as prejudicial to the best interests of the order, and we question Mr. Butler's authority in this presumptuous and overbearing course.

4. That we commend the action of Pitt county Alliance in demanding representation in this conference in defiance of this proscription and in opposition to the St. Louis demands.

J. J. Elks Jr.,
Secretary of Grimesland Alliance.

St. Mary's.

The Rector of St. Mary's school begs to announce the celebration of the anniversary of its establishment. This will take place June 4-9, 1892.

Programme of exercises as follows:

Services in the Chapel and address to the Alumnae, Sunday, June 5th, at 11 o'clock.

Reception, Monday evening, June 6, 9-11.

Concert complimentary to the Alumnae, Tuesday evening, June 7, at 8:30 o'clock.

Annual concert, Wednesday evening, June 8th, at 8:30 o'clock.

Commencement exercises, Thursday morning, June 9th, at 10 o'clock.

Business meeting of the Alumnae at the close of the exercises.

The Alumnae in Raleigh extend a cordial invitation to all the former pupils of the school to attend on this occasion.

Those desirous of so doing will kindly communicate with the secretary of the association, Miss Kate McKimmon, Raleigh, N. C.

A Fine Speech.

In presenting to the State Library the portrait of Judge Daniel, the talented and brilliant Capt. Day of Weldon most eloquently said: As a man his marked characteristic was his gentle genuine kindness to all. In the county in which I live and where he was born and had his home the traditions of his life, at this distant day into legends grown, follow after him, and are yet instinct with life of what is good. His personality was antique in its simple grandeur. The first Alexander of Russia, after June, 1815, discussing the settlement of Europe with the French envoy, who was unfortunate for a written charter, said: "My people have no charter" Talleyrand replied, "Yes sire, they have your personal character, and that is their charter." So Judge Daniel's personal character was the patent which stamped him nature's nobleman. In his sympathies he was as broad as humanity itself. In his life's creed he was more catholic than the Roman Catholic who benched by his side. The poor—his poor—looked for his coming from his duties at court as the return of a good angel. To him they came for material aid and for counsel. His purse opened to their demands, his supreme knowledge, almost universal in its scope, he gave for their guidance.

The poverty of our State's history comes from our ignorance of the lives of our dead men. With curious neglect we are willing such priceless examples should be forgotten. Give to us a man whose life is a mission of misery, whose days are spent in the desolation of homes by the red hand of war, we hail him conqueror and we immortalize his fame in story and in song. We never salute the thoughtful man who kneels. These we forget, and yet their life's story would make for us rich history. Outside of our profession and the traditions of a locality how few are the North Carolinians who know that this great man has lived and passed from among us. It is well to that people who consent that their dead men should die. The Hebrew prophet cries, "Thy dead men shall live."

Judge Daniel was a brave man mentally, morally, physically. In him was nothing of a tyrant. In his family, on his farm, on the bench, he was the affectionate father, kindly master, merciful judge. These characteristics gave to his younger years associations that grew stronger with the flight of his days. To his old age they gave "honors, love, affection, troops of friends" and the blessings of his neighbors. No heart ached for any spoken word of his, in no bosom rankled the stings of remembered wrong. Children loved him. This to his grey hairs was a crown nobler than those opinions that have changed the judicial currents of his native State. In my section of the State many anecdotes of him illustrative of his character and charity still live. They are all commemorative of kindnesses said or done to neighbors or friends.

He was one of the "simple great ones gone forever and forever by," but the good that he did live after him. This man was also a philosopher. Wisdom broadened him into loving. He studied flowers, not not because he loved botany, but because the beautiful in nature added to his happiness. He loved his fellowman because he recognized the broad brotherhood of humanity. This man contemplated. He is worthy of our contemplation. He was an omniverous reader. He absorbed knowledge. As a lawyer he was accurate. Greatness followed. His opinions are clear, direct, at times limpid. In this judge is nothing of obscurity, because in the truthfulness of him he had convictions. His was the first voice in the State to denounce the brutal barbarism of the common law. His dissenting opinion in *Maidis* on Johnson's case was a protest against a past without pity. From *Draco* and *Moses* he recoiled.

From the sermon on the Mount he drew his inspiration. No matter with what crime the criminal was charged, when the law spake through the judge we recognize this beautiful fact, that the man was dealing with his brother. He could say a thing and be done speaking. Instance his opinions. His will covered eight lines of the old foolscap paper. In it he disposed of a large estate, gave his blessings to his children and his soul to his God in whose ordinances he walked.

His wisdom was not greater than the wisdom of the law: this fact he never forgot. The judge never lessened into an

arbitrator. His eye was single, his vision was undimmed by error, and in the light of his reason we felt the presence of truth. When he stood up to declare the law, sometimes dissenting from those who, like himself, were its chosen interpreters, his pure accents drew us to his side, and ere long they and we alike heard him gladly and followed him.

He loved the voice of the people and yet, so true was he in his great office, their changeable passions disturbed no tone of his clear utterances. His sympathies flowed full and strong and yet his opinions, based on unfailing principles of truth, find no colorings from the passing passions of the hour.]

Among the judges past of this court, to my mind, Mr. Ashe nearest measured to his high standard. Both came from the same kindred stock. Both had in common the highest attributes of noble manhood. Both were our grandest North Carolinians.

True Heroism.

The days of chivalry, phantasmal pictures, come to us now only as a memory from the dreamy part—when the brown head of the "Disinherited Knight" drooped at the feet of the fair Rowena in the lists of Ashby, and the pallor which the terrible sword of Brain de Bois Gilbert could not call to his cheek chased the hue of life away as the warm blood dabbled his hair and stained his lips; and we have only a smile for Cervantes' exquisite creation, whimsical, generous-hearted, choleric high-spirited Don Quixote. But, to the honor of human-kind, true heroism, the bravery of a Bayard, is not yet banished from the walks of everyday life; and now and then we see a great magnanimous soul rise to the supreme test of self-sacrifice: "Greater love hath no man than this." Robert Nichol, a Philadelphia policeman, gave his life the other day in shielding the lives of a huddled, frightened crowd of women and children during a fire. He was an obscure man, a humble subordinate, bound to a routine of simple duties, but all the majesty of manhood shone out in his tragic end. He was to have married in a few days, and such a man is worth the tears of even the best of women.—Charlotte Observer.

Ingersol On Death.

The following lines are an extract taken from a letter recently written by Colonel Ingersol from Long Branch to a personal friend who had suffered a bereavement in the death of his mother. "After all there is something tenderly appropriate in the serene death of the old. Nothing is more touching than the death of the young, the strong. But when the duties of life have all been nobly done, when the sun touches the horizon, when the purple twilight falls upon the present, the past and future—when memory with dim eyes can scarcely spell the records of the vanished days—then; surrounded by kindred and by friends death comes like a strain of music. The day has been long, the road weary, and we gladly step at the inn. Life is a shadow, strange and winding road, on which we travel for a little way a few short steps, just from the cradle with its lullaby of love to the low and quiet wayside inn where all at last must sleep and where the only salutation is "Good night."

What An Editor Really Is.

An editor is a cross between early plety and cranky old age. He never swears in the paper without abbreviating a dash. He rolls along like a stone gathering moss until the lumbago strikes into his back. The gathering of wealth has but a faint hope and shadowy "might be" in his mind. He lives from day to day in the hope of getting conscience money from his subscribers who owe him several years of subscription, but the subscribers sleep well every night while he struggles on, and always having something coming.

She Had.

Excited wife to her husband—"Do you not admit that woman who has a mission?" Cool husband—"Yes, my dear she has—submission." Great confusion in the domestic circle, and the husband calls on the family surgeon for a plaster for his head.